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Oriental Lyrics.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

I.

THE DESERT WANDERER.

I roam through sandy, blazing wildernesses;
She rests beneath the Talha's leafy tresses.
Sharp thistles wound my feet, that wearied dally;
She wanders down the violet-scented valley.
I hear the jackal's scream, the djinn's shrill hooting;
She lists the nightingale's melodious fluting.
Oh, would her tent dog, barking, run to meet me!
Oh, would her pleasant tent's kind welcome greet me!
I sigh for thee, Zuleika, Kanab's daughter,
As pants the wounded hart for running water!

II.

AMRA.

I spake:—In the hushed encampment,
Men, camels, and steeds sleep still;
Morn slips the bolt of the midnight;
Fair Amra, love's goblet fill!
—She spake:—The spirits of evil
Close, close, o'er the desert fly;
I hear them mutter and whisper;
Pale genii are hovering nigh!
—I spake:—From thy sweet embraces
I win the magical might
That whirle the earth 'neath my footstep,
Or stays the wheels of the night.
Fear not the rush of the sandstorm,
Fear not the leopard's breath;
The kisses of happy lovers
Disarm the angel of death.

III.

WAR SONGS.

Too pale the glow love's blisses bestow!
A wilder transport these pulses know!
When to songs of war my heartstrings vibrate,
A burning sandstorm, I rush on the foe!

They drone no moan of pitiful woe;
Frenzy, flame, from those clangors flow;
Through riot and rapture of slaughter, elate,
A hungry leopard, I spring on the foe!

Sand stings, thirst tortures, angry wounds glow;
To joust with the lightning a thousand go;
Through war's red roar rings the trumpet of Fate,
The right hand of Fate, I shatter the foe!

IV.

THE CREATOR IN THE CREATION.

(Dschelalledin Rumi.)

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb, "Roll on!"

I am the blush of morning, and I am the evening breeze,
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.
I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;
The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear,

The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung tear.

I am intoxication, grapes, wine-press, and must, and wine,

The guest, the host, the tavern, the goblet of crystal fine;
I am the breath of the flute, and I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond, the sea pearl's lustre wan,

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat that rise,

Flint-sparks, the flame, the taper, the moth that about it flies.

I am both Good and Evil; the deed, and the deed's intent,
Temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, and punishment;
I am what was, is, will be; creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence; beginning and end of All!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Spiritual Kiss.

Red lips said, "Don't;" gray eyes said, "Do,"
Her silent wish found passage through;
A voice in my heart's chamber heard
Contradicts her spoken word,
While from her eyes the clear star-shine
Came flowing, flowing into mine.

Hands clasped we stood. I felt no need
Give either voice obedient heed,
Suspended in a trance of bliss—
The soul of that unproven kiss
Forth from her gray eyes divine
Came flowing, flowing into mine.

A. Saran on Robert Franz and the Old German Volkslied and Choral.*

(Continued from Page 98.)

If in this connection we examine the piano-forte accompaniment a little more closely, it seems at first sight to have scarcely anything in common with the old school. And in fact Franz avails himself of all the real improvements which the modern piano *technique* has made since Beethoven. But, as already in Schumann's piano forms, in many ways so nearly related, the influence of Sebastian Bach is clearly noticeable, so too still more with Robert Franz, whose piano style altogether is more strict and measured than that of Schumann.—Particularly does Bach's school show itself in Franz's systematic avoidance of the material most common in the modern lyrical accompaniment: the broken chords, the chords struck in solid mass, &c., instead of which he invents and uses forms of more significance. For who can deny, that such piano accompaniments, as the *homophonous* melody almost of necessity begets of itself, are in most cases characterless and say nothing? Franz, by the *polyphonous* structure of his melody, is guaranteed beforehand against such trivialities. Even when he lets the piano play on with the melody, simply, in four parts, without any sort of figure work, such a setting, with the smooth elastic flow of interwoven parts, with a bass full of character, and the middle parts so full of life and beauty, gives a tone-picture rich in colors.

Examine from this point of view, for instance, "Volker spielt auf," Op. 27, No. 1. What an effect the simple trill of the interlude makes here! And all because the four-part melody appears exclusively all the rest of the

time. What kind of a dramatic scene would not many a modern have developed out of this text? Franz recognized the genuine Volkslied trait in it, and hence by the simplest means produces the greatest effects. It is just in limitation that the master shows himself. So one may go through all the numbers of this *Opus*, to convince himself how well our composer knows how to take hold of us and thrill us by means of his simple four-part composition.

It will be understood as a matter of course that Franz also uses broken chords and single chord strokes, where they are in the right place. But it will not escape the attentive observer, that they are always aptly interwoven with other elements, or brought into the melodic flow, and thus are moulded in so interesting a manner that there is nothing trivial about them.

As to broken chords compare, for instance, Op. 1, Nos. 3, 5, 10; Op. 2, Nos. 3, 4, 5; Op. 3, Nos. 1, 3, 4, 6, and so on.

With regard to chords struck in solid mass, we will only point to:

"Nun die Schatten dunkeln," Op. 10, No. 1.

"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen," Op. 5, No. 1.

"Drüben geht die Sonne scheiden," Op. 2, No. 2.

"Es hat die Rose sich beklagt," Op. 43, No. 5.

The highly poetic effect, which this form here produces, speaks for itself.

Yet as a general rule with Franz the four-part melody—at least in its principal features—forms the substance of the accompaniment, particularly in the later works, in which the individuality of our master is more and more sharply prominent. The figure work serves only as ornament, which lends light and shade to the fundamental mood. But it stands almost always in direct organic connection with the melodic fundamental motive; grows naturally out of it, and never loses itself beyond the limits which artistic unity prescribes. We can compare this method only with the way in which Bach and Handel usually accompany their Arias. Here too the general bass part, or the quartet of strings, forms the groundwork of the accompaniment, from which the *obligato* instruments stand out in contrast by way of coloring and ornament. And if you look more closely at Franz's figures of accompaniment, you find a near relationship between them and the figure work of Bach. They appear for the most part as free Counterpoint—the polyphonic melody compels it anyway—and truly with a fineness and a pliancy, which challenge our admiration constantly anew. You see this, for example in "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," Op. 4, No. 4.

* Translated for DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.



or in: "Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen," Op. 5, No. 1.

"Eingewiegt von Meereswellen," Op. 9, No. 6.

"Multer, O sing' mich zur Ruh," Op. 10, No. 3.

"An die bretteerne Schiffswand," Op. 25, No. 6.

"Der schwere Abend," Op. 37, No. 4, &c.

Finally we find also songs in which—as so often with the old composers—a frequently recurring Motive ("Motto" one might almost call it) in the accompaniment is set against the voice part, running like a *cantus firmus* through the whole song and lending it that deep and earnest, or tragical, weird character which the text requires. For example:

"Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen," Op. 11, No. 2.

"Sie liebten sich beide," Op. 31, No. 4.

By these peculiarities the Franz accompaniment wins in an unforced way such an *organic* relation to the melody, as we hardly can find elsewhere in the more modern lyric composition. It does not merely illustrate the *Cantilena* from without; it shoots out from it by an inward necessity. Hence the inestimable peculiarity, that of itself it clings to all the finest *nuances* of the text, without ever swerving from the fundamental mood or calling in the aid of any foreign material.

Since the Franz song shows itself in respect to melody and harmony so closely related to the old German lyric, we may expect the same too in respect to rhythm. This, to be sure, is difficult to show in detail, because the Rhythmic of the old German Song is still a very obscure field. But so much is certain: that the ground principle of the old German Song Rhythmic, —particularly its very close adherence to the structure of the verse, and its careful regard to the tone-value of the words and syllables,—also predominates with Franz. So strict is he in this, that he avoids, for instance, repetitions of the text almost on principle. So little room is left to the music to unfold itself with broad-

er independence, that many of the Franz songs show the same laconic, and really epigrammatic precision with a great many of the Volks-melodies.

And this leads us to a point of his affinity with the old German style, which looks, to be sure, beyond the formal over into the ideal field. We mean that *masterly blending of word and tone*, about which Liszt, Ambros and Schuster have written so much that is true and beautiful. Having already had occasion here and there to allude to it, we refrain from any special demonstrations, in order not to overstep too far the space prescribed to us. We only signalize *this* fact: that the peculiar way of blending word and tone with Franz (for it is well known that there are several ways) rests on the same principle as with the old German style. It lies simply in the *Polyphony* of both of them alike. The polyphonic expression alone is by its nature able, on the one hand to call to light the inmost depths of the text with a single stroke; and on the other, at the same time, —by means of its manifold harmonic relations and its rich faculty of thematic development —to give the fitting character to all the ups and downs of feeling, as well as o the finest shadings of the fundamental mood, without causing any break in the strict unity of the whole. Hence the Franz songs often give one an impression, as if they were born at the same instant with the text, as we say of the old Volkslied,—as if the text could only be composed with just *this* melody.

It would indeed be quite perverse to wish to explain this phenomenon merely from the formal nature of the melody. Better say, that just here is the point where the genial divining and productive power of the true artist reveals itself in the *creation* of a Cantilena corresponding to a text. And in what an eminent measure our friend possesses this, requires no further proof after the expositions in the writings we have mentioned. If Liszt and others point to the fact that Franz understands how to portray in music the various individualities of his poets;—if Ambros tells us, that he represents the most different national types in Volk-songs, without knowing them, with a fineness of feeling which resembles divination, —so can we too add largely to the number of these facts. Let it suffice simply here to call attention to our repeated statement, that Franz only lately for the first time, through us, became acquainted with the old German songs, of which his own seem so remarkable an echo. In short, there is no modern song composer known to us, who has looked so deeply into the inmost heart of his poets and his texts; who has listened to them with so fine a sense and caught and translated into tones their secret essence. Franz shows himself herein a genuine son of his People; the People, which in speech and music is capable, as no other is, of plunging into the depths of the spiritual works of all times and nations, and assimilating their quintessence to itself. He shows himself a true heir of the great lyricists of old, who did not merely stand facing their texts on the outside and letting their imagination be stirred up by them, but who saw through them with a genial divination, nay lived through them with their own heart, and then knew how

to pour them out in tones of individual originality, as well as the irresistible force of truth, and consequently of imperishable duration.

(To be Continued.)

Ferd. Hiller on Verdi's Requiem.

[Translated by J. V. Bridgeman, for the London Musical World.]

This work (first performed on the 22nd May, 1874), which the popular composer of *Il Trovatore* wrote for the anniversary of the death of Alessandro Manzoni, has, since its production, created a deep sensation in Paris, London, and Vienna, where it has been repeatedly given under Verdi's own direction. Ricordi, the great Milan publisher, has, it is true, had the score and separate parts engraved—but he reserves the right of allowing the work to be performed only in such places and under such conditions as may meet with his (or Verdi's?) approbation. Perhaps he will get together the whole paraphernalia of chorus, band, and solo singers, and undertake a *Requiem* tour—who can say that such a venture would not be worth trying? But, however this may be, we must, for the present, content ourselves with forming an acquaintance with the work (certainly the most important Verdi has written) by means of the pianoforte arrangement—and the acquaintance is one of the most interesting and agreeable which for a long time we have had an opportunity of making in the domain of high class vocal music.

"A Requiem by Verdi?" many of my esteemed German colleagues will exclaim, with an incredulous shake of the head; but I think that, in the end, many will agree with me. It is a pleasure to wander through the work of a master who exercises a sovereign sway over his resources, but the sovereign sway of human despotism, which requires from every one only what appertains to, and becomes, him. It is a pleasure to wander through the work of a master who is scarcely ever left in the lurch by his muse—who fears neither to be too short nor to become prolix, and who sends forth his song with all the abundance of a soul teeming with melody. It is a pleasure, lastly, to become acquainted with a work whose entire and great effectiveness strikes with unqualified certainty the hearing eye (or seeing ear) from the mere inspection of a pianoforte arrangement, which is, after all, but an unsatisfactory affair.

Artless as the melodies of this composition appear, and natural as, taking the work as a whole, is the course of the harmony, I should be puzzled to name any production from which we might obtain a notion of its peculiarity. With Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, the brilliant qualities of which every impartial musician must allow, Verdi's *Requiem* has only the most general features of Italian melodies in common;—as regards tone, expression, and especially breadth of plan, originality of form, and the treatment of the chorus and solo voices, it stands upon totally different ground. It is, probably, the first occasion that, in a composition with a religious text (the *Requiem* cannot be called a sacred composition), whatever good has been achieved in modern times has been so fully and so brilliantly employed. We have perfect freedom of construction, though the architectonic lines never disappear—luxuriantly developed periods, without wearisome dwelling on, or dragging out, particular details; the most thorough and unrestricted use, without the abuse, of modern technics—and characteristic declamation without nervously pedantic subservience to every syllable. Though the composer has invariably aimed at dramatic expression, and though the latter is, *per se*, here and there, carried to a point lying beyond the line which refined taste might desire to see respected in such a work, we cannot say that the *Requiem* is theatrical in a bad sense of the word. This is, perhaps, the case only where the composer (in the "L'bera") has had recourse to the imitation of church psalmody—

the introduction of what is outwardly church-like has always something stagey about it. Many of the melodies possess, indeed, deep feeling—a few only approach what is commonplace—expressive they may all be called. Verdi proves himself eminently a great master in the various ways in which he interweaves his chorus with the solo-parts. He here finds the advantage of his immense theatrical career, though the seriousness characterizing the mode in which, in the *Requiem*, he profits by the skill he won upon the stage is very different from what it is, or what it could be, in his operas. But it is not merely in perfectly free, and, partly, very original, vocal combinations, that the master is revealed; in those pieces, also, where he pays tribute to strict polyphonic forms, he knows how to move with a dexterity both natural and free from pedantry. The “*Sanctus*” fugue for double chorus, and the four-part *fugato* in the “*Libera me*,” may afford many a contrapuntist *ex professo* food for reflection.

The pianoforte arrangement, moreover, does not leave us a moment in doubt as to the fact of Verdi's making the very best use of his orchestra; of the *Requiem's* not being deficient in modern, piquant, unusual, and original instrumental effects. But just as little are we left in uncertainty on another point, namely: that, above all things, the Italian master puts in the mouths of his singers what he has to say, and what he knows how to say. His singers sing—they are souls full of tone—no mongrel beings, crosses between musical interlocutors and unmusical interlocutors, obliged to be on their guard against encroaching on the province of horn or viola. They come forward with all the magnificence inherent in that divine organ, the human voice. It is true that Verdi requires singers—in the fullest acceptance of the word—not voices without training—not virtuosos without voice—not declaimers without one and the other. And this is the most delightful thing in the work; it is a living protest against the still spreading absurdity of vocal music in which the servants are made the masters, in which a man, pouring forth song from the depths of his breast and soul, has simply to render clear miserable words, instead of making his innermost heart re-echo in his strain; an absurdity which will always be an absurdity, no matter with what genius exhibited, and however fanatically applauded; an absurdity sooner or later to be consigned to the huge lumber-room of æsthetic, philosophic, poetic, and prosaic errors, to which even so-enlightened a period as our own fails not to contribute.

New National Opera House, London.

(From the “Daily Telegraph.”)

It must occasionally have struck the reflective mind, when that respectable entity has been brought into passing relations with the impressive ceremonial of laying a first stone, that a good deal of difficult and laborious work has gone before; that the first laying of the architect's pencil to paper was a serious business; that the first figure in the builder's estimate had a prophetic significance; and that each of those preliminary steps which are needful in planning and securing a solid foundation for the structure must have involved anxiety as well as hope. Before Mr. Francis H. Fowler's architectural design for the New National Opera House, projected by Mr. Mapleson, could begin to make itself manifest above the level of the Thames Embankment, there was much to be accomplished beneath. This was made clearly and abundantly evident on Tuesday, the 7th inst., when Mdlle. Tietjens laid the first brick—not the first stone, which is reserved for future and more public honors—of the great lyric temple in question, and had to descend into the depths of the earth to do it. Even the experience and practical knowledge of the contractor, Mr. William Webster, had not prepared him for the necessity of digging and delving to so profound a level in order to reach a firm basis in the London clay. A thick bed of sandy soil and a large overlying mass of rubbish, the accumulation of several ages in the history of Westminster improvements, had to be excavated; and then, the clay having been reached,

there was a great intrusion of water along with it, so that a system of pipes was needed for the operation of pumping. In the course of all this labor, many relics of old times were brought to light, and are preserved with antiquarian zeal. Skulls and bones of animals that roamed the Thames Valley, and were hunted by ancient Britons, in those Druidical days which long preceded the very earliest representation of *Norma* on any stage, have been gathered, cleaned, sorted, and labelled with praiseworthy care. Swords, gold, inlaid, and richly fashioned, tell of the feuds of York and Lancaster; and many objects, long-concealed, come forth again to throw a light on the faded scroll of the past.

On the ground that has been cleared and deeply mined for the National Opera House a small party of gentlemen, and a still smaller meeting of ladies, came at half-past one o'clock on Tuesday, the 7th inst. Mdlle. Tietjens was accompanied by her niece, Miss Kruls; and there were also present Mr. Mapleson, Mr. Fowler, Mr. William Webster, Mr. Godbold, Mr. Rolfe, of Melbourne, and others interested, personally or publicly, in the objects which are included in the scheme, and which, if successfully realized, must conduce to the national advancement of art, skill, and taste in music and the higher walks of the drama. A temporary flight of steps, carpeted with crimson cloth, led far down to the concrete floor on which the work of bricklaying was now to be begun by the gloved hand of a lady. Deep as this level seemed from above, it had yet been raised high above the clay bed into which Mr. Webster's peaceful regiment of sappers and miners had penetrated. The trenches had, in the first instance, been dug to a depth of forty feet on the inland side, and of about fifty where the site abuts on the Thames Embankment. The concrete then shot into these depths is on the average 25 feet thick, and 21 feet of brickwork and masonry will bring the basement up to that stage on which the first or corner stone is in due time to be laid, probably with Royal *préstege*. The site to be occupied by the new lyrical theatre is nearly a square, and comprises fully two acres. There is an ugly protuberance upon the space on the side farthest from the Embankment, efforts to obtain possession of property in that quarter having failed; but the intrusive elbow of bricks and mortar takes but little room, and has very small effect in marring the symmetry of the plan. When Mdlle. Tietjens had been led to the spot on which a thin, smooth layer of white mortar had been spread like a break-fast cloth, Mr. Webster handed to her the richly chased parcel-gilt silver trowel, while at the same time the foreman placed a fair stock-brick in the midst of the snow-white surface. The implement held by the lady bore the following inscription: “National Opera House.—The first brick of this building was laid by Mdlle. Tietjens, the 7th of Sept., 1875.—J. H. Mapleson, proprietor; Francis H. Fowler, architect; William Webster, contractor.” A loud and hearty cheer was given as soon as the inaugural act was performed; then Lord Alfred Paget placed another brick beside the first; Mr. Fowler followed in turn; and presently a considerable deposit of amateur bricklaying might have been beheld from the brink of the pit above. The company then repaired to neighboring quarters, where an elegant *déjeuner* was waiting, and where an opportunity was afforded of inspecting the architect's plans and elevations. From these it appears that an imposing edifice, in Franco-Italian taste, is very quickly to rise up in close proximity to St. Stephen's Club; so close that a subway, already made, will connect the two establishments. Being also near the Westminster station of the Metropolitan Railway, it is contemplated to endow the new Opera House with another subway, for the convenience of the public coming and going by that line. The building faces towards the Embankment, but has really four sides, three of which have openings on roads, so that the house can be emptied very speedily. Exits from the stalls are made from either side, as well as from the front; and entrances and exits of amphitheatre and gallery, though under cover, are altogether separate, by which plan much confusion will be avoided. But there is another and most commendable arrangement, often met with abroad, where no need of niggardly paring and scraping, in the disposition of space, is felt. As there is no cramping or want of room in the plan of the National Opera House, it has been found practicable by the management to adopt this very sensible practice, which is to number the boxes and stalls, in every part of the house, with odd and even figures, the odd being billeted to one side, the even to the other. The pavilion-like front of the edifice, with its three stories of columns and striking capacity for

sculpturesque and other ornament, suggests a pleasant resort on summer nights to the noble balconies overlooking the river at its most sightly point. The auditorium will be surmounted by a light and graceful cupola, rising to a height of 146ft. in front of the roof which covers the stage. The plan of the front of the house shows a large vestibule, 100 feet in length, from which, on a level, are the entrances to the stalls. On either side in the pavilions are circular staircases, leading to the grand tiers; and the pit tier is approached by separate staircases. The area will contain 500 stalls, the grand tier will be lofty, and the foyer on a level with the corridor. The suite of rooms provided for refreshment and promenade are, if we may judge from the drawings, certainly unsurpassed by anything of the kind attempted in this country. Each private box will have an anteroom, which, taking the outer radius, will, of course, be larger than the box itself. The lines of the auditorium have been generally taken from those of La Scala, at Milan, which have been found the best both for sight and hearing. To some of those guests who looked at Mr. Fowler's elaborate drawings yesterday, it may have seemed that the task undertaken by the contractor, of finishing the new Opera House in time for it to open at the beginning of next season, is a formidable one. Let it be remembered, however, that though Rome was not built in a day, there have been some extraordinary feats of building against time; that the largest theatre in Europe, the San Carlo at Naples, took only six months in erection; that the Scala of Milan was raised in seven months; and that this same period sufficed for Messrs. Kelk and Lucas to erect the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The health of Mdlle. Tietjens and *bon voyage* was a toast which everybody drank with the utmost cordiality, at the call of the architect; and Lord Alfred Paget, who was deputed to return thanks, expressed a hope that the success awaiting the gifted *prima donna* in America might be followed in due time by that of the Opera House she had gracefully inaugurated. Lord Alfred also complimented and congratulated Mr. Mapleson on the circumstances in which this beginning of his enterprise had been made, and remarked that in every other country of Europe a subvention would be paid towards the accomplishment of what, in this, was left to be carried out by private enterprise. Before the company separated, they heard from Mr. Mapleson the gratifying intelligence that the various departments of the new building will be devoted to the advancement of art, both musical and dramatic, and that, whilst giving his usual attention to Italian Opera, he also proposes to offer performances of English works sung by English artists. Part of the year, moreover, is to be devoted to dramatic representations. A musical training school will not be lost sight of, negotiations being in progress for bringing the Academy of Music under the roof of the National Opera House.

Carl Rosa's English Opera.

Amateurs old enough to have been present must still retain agreeable memories of certain performances at the Princess's Theatre when the late Mr. Maddox was lessee and director. It was then the custom to give English versions of Italian and French operas, and occasionally to produce original English operas as well. A new work, or a *début* of some new singer at the pleasant little house in Oxford Street, used invariably to be looked forward to with an interest easily explained by the fact that for the most part the entertainments were very good, sometimes, indeed, excellent. Nevertheless, it is but fair to add that no purely operatic representation, so complete and effective in all respects as that with which Mr. Carl Rosa, on Saturday night, began his advertised series of performances, had ever been previously witnessed at the Princess's Theatre, even in its most halcyon days. That Mr. Rosa, husband of the late much-regretted Euphrosyne Parepa, is not only a “*virtuoso*” of deserved repute (his solo instrument being the violin), but a thoroughly practised musician, is generally known; as also that after marriage he abandoned the profession of a public player and devoted his energies exclusively to operatic undertakings. The “Carl Rosa Opera Company” has long been talked about in circles where the necessity of reviving English opera is discussed, and a belief in the probability of success is maintained with more or less assurance. Those who think, as we do, that the non-existence of any such establishment, amply provided, is discreditable to a populous city like London, where music of almost every kind is brought forth in such abundance, and who regard the lyric drama as one of the most en-

gaging forms of artistic expression, hail with satisfaction this new and spirited endeavor to revive it. They must have found their opinion strengthened in the unanimously hearty appreciation by a densely thronged audience of the admirable performance on Saturday night. Everything passed off well; from the rise to the fall of the curtain there was scarcely a point to justify unfavorable comment.

With this preliminary it may at once be stated that the opera chosen for the occasion was Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with a new version of the libretto from the pen of Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney, whose happy manner of reflecting the humor of Beaumarchais (the dialogue being here spoken, instead of sung to "recitativo parlante") and skilful adaptation of the lyrics and concerted pieces fashioned in Italian by Lorenzo da Ponte, so much to the contentment of Mozart, merit unqualified praise. Mr. Kenney should now prepare for us an English *Barbieri*, to pair off with the *Nozze*.

In consonance with a precedent not lightly to be ignored, the opera was preceded by our National Anthem. The singing of this by the chorus satisfied every hearer that no pains had been spared to secure efficiency in a department of such essential consequence to complete operatic representation. Not merely, however, in efficiency but in numerical force, the chorus is all that could be desired in a theatre of the actual dimensions of the Princess's. The orchestra has been appointed with equal judgment. About 40 in number, with Mr. Carrodus, our leading violinist (supported by Mr. Pollitzer) at the principal desk, and other professors of recognized ability and long experience among the members, something like a perfect "ensemble" might have been taken for granted; and this was emphatically realized by one of the most strikingly effective performances of the overture to which we have ever listened. The precision was remarkable, and as Wordsworth might have said, if speaking of musicians, instead of cattle, "There were forty 'playing' like one." The applause at the end was of such a character that not to comply with the desire of the audience would have been scarcely possible; and so the overture—happily, under the circumstances, one of the shortest, as well as one of the quickest, ever composed—was repeated. Mr. Rosa, by the way, tempered the customary "presto" (which Mozart has marked "allegro assai") in a certain measure; and the consequence was that the special phrases accorded to different instruments, with a taste and refinement peculiar to Mozart, were distinctly heard, and the intended effect was legitimately produced. At the same time, let us here, not for the first time, protest against encores. If there had been no encores on Saturday night, several pieces which, though omitted, are essential to the score in its integrity, might have been retained. Mr. Rosa knows well enough which are the pieces referred to, and how much the opera would gain if they were restored to their proper places. His performances should be model performances from every point of view; and, with regard to general execution, that of Saturday may be pronounced a "model" without fear of contradiction—one of the best, in fact, we ever heard in any language, or under any conditions, of the comic masterpiece (if "comic" that which abounds in grace, sentiment, and deep feeling, may reasonably be denominated) of the greatest and most gifted of "absolute" musicians.

A thoroughly effective distribution of characters in *The Marriage of Figaro*, owing to there being no less than five of importance, is difficult to obtain. Especially difficult is it to meet with three lady singers capable of giving due significance, vocally and dramatically, to the Countess, her confidential *femme de chambre*, and her page. Mr. Rosa, however, has been lucky in finding adequate representatives of those personages. Mdlle. Ostava Torriani (soprano), who will be remembered favorably, a season or two past, as one of Mr. Mapleson's new singers at Her Majesty's Opera, where she made her debut as Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, is an excellent Countess Almaviva—lady-like always, depressed or lively as occasion may require, delivering the English-spoken dialogue with remarkable point and clearness for a foreigner, and note-perfect in the music; Miss Josephine Yorke, an American, we are informed, who has played with success at some of the chief operas in Italy, seems thoroughly at home in the part of Cherubino, into her delineation of which she throws an unusual amount of natural spirit and vivacity, while never losing sight of its musical significance; and last, not least, Miss Rose Hersee, our accomplished countrywoman, upon whose incontestable talent and popularity we are hardly called upon to dwell, is a Susanna so piquant, sprightly, and

natural, as to make it difficult to put entire faith in the statement that she never played the character till now. That Miss Hersee would show herself, like the artist we all know her to be, conversant with every bar of the music which Mozart has put into the mouth of his charmingly animated *soubrette*, none doubted; but her thorough acquaintance with the business of the scene revealed a new gift, promising no little for the future. These were the three chief ladies; and each was successful. We cannot enter into details, but may add that, where all was more or less satisfactory in a musical sense, the "Dove sono" (we use the familiar Italian names) of Mdlle. Torriani, the "Voi che sapete" of Miss Yorke (encored), and the "Deh vieni non tardar" of Miss Rose Hersee were the solo exhibitions severally obtaining the most spontaneous recognition of their excellence. The bass and bass-barytone parts were sustained by Signor Campobello and Mr. Santley. Upon the re-appearance of Mr. Santley on the operatic stage great stress has been laid; and no wonder. When, at the rise of the curtain, our great barytone, in the familiar costume of Figaro, came forward with Miss Hersee (Susanna) the applause was loud, unanimous, and prolonged. Every man and woman in the house was pleased to welcome back such an artist, to a scene which he never should have quitted; and when, shortly afterwards, the curtain fell to the concluding notes of "Non più andrai," the audience, still unsatisfied, would not cease their clamorous manifestations of approval until it was raised again, the favorite air repeated from beginning to end, and Cherubino exposed to another onslaught of malicious rallery. Mr. Santley, we are told, had never played the character of Figaro before. If so, he may be justly congratulated; for not only was his execution of the music in all respects worthy his repute, but he showed an insight into the characteristics of the part which, though his general view of it is less demonstrative and in other respects differs from many of the renowned Figaros we have seen, brought it prominently forward as, in certain respects, an original impersonation. Signor Campobello was a stately, imposing, and resolute Count Almaviva, and his fine bass voice imparted due effect to the soliloquy in which the Count gives indignant expression to his jealousy of Susanna. The duet, "Crudel! perché," between the Count and Susanna, was another of the evening's encores. The smaller parts were in competent hands. Mrs. Aynsley Cook, in her way, is the best Marcellina, and Mr. Charles Lyall, in every way, the best tenor Basilio we can remember. There was no excuse for the latter's omitting the quaint air addressed to Bartolo, "In quegli anni," which, at all events, invests the part of Basilio with quasi-importance. Mr. Aynsley Cook presents a humorous sketch of Bartolo, and gives full expression to the air, "La vendetta," of which Rossini was evidently thinking while writing "La Calunnia" for the *Barbieri*. With regard to the execution of the concerted music, to avoid detail it will suffice to add that the two great *finales*, as examples of "ensemble," were all that could possibly be wished. The ballet, under the direction of Señor Espinosa, was charming, and the deliciously quaint *fandango*, one of the "hits" of the evening. The credit of the stage directions is due to Mr. Arthur Howell, to whom was entrusted the character of the always (why always?) drunken gardener. At the termination of the opera the applause was vociferous, and the calls for the chief performers were continuous; but no compliment had been more honorably earned than that paid with such unanimous cordiality to Mr. Carl Rosa, who directed the whole performance with such skill, readiness, and success.—*Times*.

Tietjens and Arabella Goddard in New York. The First Concert.

[From the Sun, Oct. 5.]

The German prima donna, Mdlle. Tietjens, gave her first concert in America last evening.

The occasion was one of sufficient interest to bring together an audience that filled the hall. The vocalist had the assistance of Mme. Arabella Goddard, a pianist of great reputation in England, and of several other artists of eminence.

Mlle. Tietjens was welcomed with the cordiality due to her reputation. No one doubted that in her they would find a thoroughly accomplished artist, for in England during a generation she has been looked upon with admiration, both as an operatic prima donna and as a concert and oratorio singer.

The only doubt that could attach to Mlle. Tietjens, indeed, was as to whether she had not waited to

come to this country until after the meridian of her powers, when the freshness of her voice was dimmed, and the renown of the past greater than the merit of the present. The lady has seen twenty-five years of arduous service, and under the most trying conditions.

Grisi came here after a career of equal length, but Grisi had the aid of her consummate acting to offset her worn voice, and that reliance Mlle. Tietjens has to forego. The first appearance of this vocalist was in 1849, when she made her debut upon the Hamburg stage, singing afterward at Frankfurt and Vienna. But early in her professional life Mr. Lumley engaged her for Her Majesty's Theatre, and since then she has almost identified herself with England, being heard everywhere, and in all varieties of music, now in opera, again in concert, and almost invariably at the great musical festivals at the Crystal Palace and at the annual oratorio performances of the three choirs. When Grisi surrendered the stage, Tietjens became her legitimate successor, having certain attributes akin to those of the great Italian. But of late years other and younger singers have called away to themselves a portion of the interest of the English public that once centred on Tietjens, and as the star of Patti and Nilsson rose that of Tietjens somewhat waned.

She has attempted a great variety of operatic characters, ranging from those written in the highest soprano register, such as *Leonora* in "Trova-tore," to such mezzo soprano parts as *Fides* in the "Prophète," and *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin," sung here by Miss Cary, a contralto. Wear like this was not likely to be without its effect upon the voice of the singer. As long ago as July, 1869, the London *Athenæum*, warning Mlle. Tietjens against her ambition in attempting so many rôles, prophesied that she "would infallibly destroy a voice which, once magnificent, had already been irreparably injured by reckless wear and tear." This was the opinion of one of the best and most accomplished of English critics, and certainly in the six intervening years the voice has not gained in freshness.

The disadvantage that Mlle. Tietjens labors under in appearing on the concert instead of the operatic stage is by no means a slight one. For here she loses the benefit of the intelligence which she brings to the interpretation of great tragic characters—all her dramatic ability and those displays of energy and passion with which she is wont to excite the enthusiasm of her audiences. Nevertheless, even under these restrictions Mlle. Tietjens was able to manifest some of those qualities on which her reputation rests.

The aria with which Mlle. Tietjens chose to introduce herself to the public of this country—"Wie nah' er mir der Schlummer"—was probably as well known to every one in the audience as any that she could have selected. Not only has it been sung by almost every great vocalist that ever stood on the concert stage at Steinway's, but it is so constantly used in parlors and church services as to become a household possession. It afforded the audience, therefore, the best opportunity to form a judgment of the singer and her style by the test of comparison. From the earliest notes of the noble introduction to the aria it was evident that the singer no longer held absolute control over the voice. First the tone itself was neither fresh nor pure, and secondly the power of sustaining or diminishing the tone was impaired. This was more apparent in the aria itself, which requires perfect evenness, steadiness and purity of tone, and a sustained cantabile style. Certainly its interpretation as a whole was a clear disappointment. But the nobility of style and the fine method of the singer were recognized, and Mlle. Tietjens was warmly recalled. She responded to the demand with one of Schumann's most fervent songs, the "Widmung" ("Du Meine Seele, Du Mein Herz.") This Mlle. Tietjens sang in an impassioned manner, but with the same faults noticeable in the Weber aria, that is, such a lack of sustaining power as to cause her to take breath in the middle of a vocal phrase, and to give to the whole song a staccato effect.

At the close of the first part of the programme she sang another broad, quiet, simple, and beautiful aria, the one with which Nilsson opened her career in this country, Haydn's "With Verdure Clad." We cannot think either of these selections adapted to show the best qualities of this artist. They seemed calculated rather to display the injuries that time had wrought upon what in its prime must have been a superb voice.—Hardly second to Mlle. Tietjens in point of English esteem is Madame Arabella Goddard, who took part in the concert,

playing movements from Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and a fantasia by Thalberg. This lady has long been considered the foremost English pianiste.

This is not the lady's first appearance in this country. She was heard at Gilmore's Second Jubilee in Boston, in June, 1872, playing then only a few times, and her qualities received no adequate appreciation, it being impossible for any pianist to be heard to advantage or to be otherwise than lost in that monster building.

Since then she has been heard in distant parts of the world, and recently in San Francisco, and now comes eastward from that city. She has done more almost than any one else at the Saturday Popular Concerts in London and other places to bring before the public the almost forgotten, but estimable works of composers of the second rank, such as Dussek, Clementi, Scarlatti, Steibelt, Moscheles, Woelfli, and others of the same stamp. Her playing of the movements from the Beethoven concerto was characterized by great sensibility and delicacy of musical perception—a firm, but not a very strong touch—exquisite finish and grace in scale passages, and in whatever points of ornament there were, and a broad and fine interpretation of the themes of the concerto.

To the encore she responded with a waltz by Chopin, taken in such a quick tempo, and with a clear accentuation of the bass, that it made a new reading of a familiar piece. As Madame Goddard is not a bravura player, she will have to win her way into public favor by her quiet talent.

There were other solos, noticeably Faure's "Les Rameaux," extremely ill sung by Signor Orlandini, which we have not space at present to more than refer to.

As a whole the concert, we believe, left upon the mind of the audience a sense of disappointment.

Executants and Editors.—II

[From *Concordia*, [London].]

"Sie sagen das muthet mich nicht an,
Und glauben sie hütten's abgethan."—Goethe.

In the preceding article* it was pointed out that the increased desire for clearness, precision and fulness of detail, which is a characteristic of modern thought, has been felt in music; and that it has given rise to a formidable array of executants and editors whose achievements, like those of the best philologists, are based upon subtle and critical dissection of the texts, and subsequent reconstruction thereof. It has been shown that tradition is anything but a trustworthy guide; yet that the hope of ultimately establishing and recording a consistent, and in all likelihood correct, style for the interpretation of Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, &c., is not by any means extravagant. Let us look to Joachim's rendering of Bach's *Ciaccona* or to Von Bülow's edition of the *Fantasia cromatica* as examples of the minute care and loving insight with which such work should be done.

An editor's task, over and above the guarantee for a text free from misprints and such like, is that of a practical commentator, and interpreter; and he is wanted in both the latter capacities: wherever instruments have gone out of use, or the nature of instruments has been modified since the author's time (witness the gradual change of the harpsichord into our concert grand); wherever obsolete signs, or abbreviations are used (Couperin, Rameau, Bach); wherever inflections of light and shade and other directions for precise execution are missing—in a word, wherever a composer has trusted to the habits and special knowledge of contemporary craftsmen; for in no art does that which seems the natural speech of some particular generation appear so frequently and so quickly obsolete, as in music.

As an example of the possible harm a composer may do to himself by neglecting detailed indications let me take a recent case—Schumann's "Arabesque," op. 18.



* Copied in No. 5 of this Vol., (June 12); failure to receive the *Concordia* in season has obliged us to delay this second part.

After these two, he gives five more *ritardandos*, in succession. Does he mean what he actually says? that the tempo is to become slower and slower by degrees, consequently, that at the fourth or fifth remove it should cease altogether? Of course not! we all answer; Schumann means that we are to begin anew in full time after each second *ritardando*, that the phrases are to rhyme in point of speed as they rhyme rhythmically and harmonically, and he omitted to put an "a tempo" after each bit of four bars. Well and good—this is quite obvious to us; but are we sure that it will be equally obvious a century hence?

Again, take the *pp, ppp, pppp*, at the close of Schubert's "Moment musical," No. 3, in F minor. Shall the sound disappear altogether, like that of the horn player who made grimaces instead of playing at the rehearsal, and whom the conductor admonished to play still more softly at the performance? Of course not, is the answer; you must interpret the last *pppp* as a *calando*. Moderate the movement gradually towards the final bars. Well and good. But is this so very obvious, and so entirely free from cavil? Why should not Schubert have indicated his intentions in precise terms? Could not an editor in both cases render good service?

Confining ourselves to the pianoforte, let me enumerate a few recent editions, in which everything that can be wished for has been furnished by the editors: Schubert—*Ausgewählte Sonaten und Solostücke*, edit. Liszt; Weber—*Ausgewählte Sonaten und Solostücke*, edit. Liszt; Weber—*Ausgewählte Werke*, edit. Henselt; Beethoven—*Sonaten und andere Werke* (from op. 53 to op. 129), edit. Von Bülow; Seb. Bach—*Œuvres choisies*, edit. Von Bülow; Handel—*Œuvres choisies*, edit. Von Bülow; Chopin—*Œuvres*, in course of publication (3rd vol. just out), edit. Klindworth.

It is as though one was privileged to look into a great actor's private copy of his part in a play; for these editions, besides presenting a correct text, clear of all ambiguities and misprints, exactly as the composer wrote it, give, on separate staves, or distinguished from the original by smaller type, the editor's *variantes*, his interpretation of all *embellishments*, dynamical marks, phrasing, fingering, pedals, together with frequent explanatory annotations by way of foot-notes. Of course no editor cares to assume papal infallibility. Each distinctly states in his preface that what he offers is but a record of his individual interpretation, and that he does not pretend to lay down the law absolutely. So, in the end matters turn round the question, "Who is who?" which question a comparison of the work here done with any other work of the same intent will speedily answer. Detailed quotations would be useless, as the present purpose does not admit of a review. Let the assertion suffice that these editions are sure to prove more valuable than yards of new compositions.

I may note, by the way, that the desire for clearness, precision and fulness of detail, which was formulated into a tendency to eschew incomplete suggestion, and by all possible means to appeal to the hearer's sensuous perception, lies at the root of all those extremely elaborate *partitions de piano*, which have been published since the appearance of Liszt's models in that way, his transcription of Berlioz's "Symphonie fantastique," and overture to *Les Francs Juges*, Weber's Overtures and Beethoven's symphonies. Such are, for example, Von Bülow's *Tristan und Isolde*, Tausig's *Die Meistersinger*, Klindworth's *Rheingold*, *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*; or, in a smaller way, Tausig's and Saint-Saën's movements from Beethoven's quartets, or the latter's arrangements from Bach's cantatas and solos for stringed instruments. Such transcriptions really may be compared with a careful and correct engraving of some large picture in oils; and they differ essentially, and infinitely for the better, from the older type of Clavierausgug à la Czerny, which reduced the orchestra to the level of a piano, instead of raising the piano to the level of an orchestra.

From the same point of view—that of protest against incomplete suggestion—we should be ready to welcome whoever fills up with a master's hand and in the spirit of the original the outlines of figured bass, etc., left by Bach, Handel, and all their pro and epigoni; as Robert Franz has done so supremely well to many an air of Handel's and cantata of Bach's, or as Mozart and Mendelssohn have added to the scores of the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*.

And this point of view from which additions to a score, i.e., translation of suggestions into something equivalent and positive, are justifiable, will also cov-

er all genuine cases of re-instrumentation; i.e., giving to the composer the proper means for expressing his thought wherever his thought is unmistakable, and the means used to express it, for mechanical reasons easily pointed out, palpably inadequate.

It is only recently that the publication of score and parts to an orchestral work, is a matter of daily occurrence. Men used to be content with putting things down in a shape best calculated for immediate sale. Thus sketching was encouraged, and composers became apt to let their inventive faculties run riot, instead of concentrating and maturing their thought. This applies, for instance, to some of the loveliest of Schubert's pianoforte compositions.

The parallel between painting over a picture and the re-instrumentation of a piece of music is not a happy one. If it were attempted between the re-instrumentation of a piece and the copy of a picture, in which some details are changed, no matter whether for the better or the worse, one might pass it by as harmless, or else dispose of it with "varieto delectat;" but as it stands, the inference is necessarily, that a musician who adds to the instrumentation of a movement commits a piece of Vandalism akin to that of a dauber who besmirches a master's picture; and any parallel couched in such loose terms, must be protested against. The original sketch, copy, edition, whatever it may be, of a piece of music, is not destroyed by a masterly transcription or re-instrumentation; on the contrary its power to move men is frequently enhanced thereby. And thus we can account for the odd fact, that pieces often receive an entirely new lease of life by being either re-scored or transferred from some particular instrument or group of instruments, to another, or to the full orchestra.

Some pieces may be likened to a pencil sketch or etching, and to apply color to such would be writing oneself down an ass. But there are others, and not a few, whose dimensions are fully drawn out, forming a complete canvas ready for color. Such are, for instance, Chopin's *Allegro de Concert* in A, op. 46, which is the first movement of a concerto, with *tutti* and *sol*, and still awaits its resurrection; Etudes, op. 39, Nos. 8, 9 and 10, in G sharp minor, a perfect concerto in three movements, only wanting instrumentation to appear in due splendor; Schubert's *Grand Duo* 4 4 mains, in C, op. 140, a complete symphony, which has been colored for full orchestra by Joachim; Weber's *Polonaise* in E, op. 72, which has been scored by Liszt, and many more. Here there is no shadow of presumption or uncalled for meddling with the works of others. It is the same case as when, in an atelier of old, a picture was in the main considered and designed by the elder master, and in subordinate parts executed by his friends and pupils.

To end; what tiny cricket has been crushed with this ponderous sledge hammer? what is the result of all this palaver? Little enough, truly: in the first instance, let us *tolerate* that which is supposed to run athwart of pseudo-tradition; in the second, let us not ignore that which is accomplished on higher than "traditional" grounds, for fear lest men might some day, in Schopenhauer's phrase, be tempted "to derive ignorance from ignoring." Let us avoid codifying the law for the present; let us examine each single case of interpretation, restitution, addition, instrumentation, on its individual merits; and let us study with all reverence, and due patience, that which our greatest players and acutest critics have elaborated in the course of a lifetime.

I am convinced that if here and there the right thing is exaggerated or overdone by competent persons, or, what is far worse, the right thing is badly done by incompetent persons, the common sense of musicians will easily put matters to rights.

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

PROFESSOR RITTER'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.—The friends of Professor Ritter will be pleased to learn that the History has been republished in London (Reeves & Co.) this summer, and has been most favorably received by the English press; a compliment fully merited by its learning, trustworthiness, and breadth of judgment. Professor Ritter has not been idle during the "long vacation;" the New York Tribune has already informed us that he has been employed on his Fourth Symphony, which, we learn, is now completed. He has just published (Schuberth & Co., New York) a new arrangement of ten of the most beautiful of Moore's Irish Melodies; and a new collection of original songs by the Professor will shortly be issued by one of the principal European publishing houses.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 16, 1875.

The "Excellent Art of Musick."

The following "Dedication" to a quaint old folio volume of Music, published in London, A. D. 1700, will amuse the reader. The title page, very imposingly printed in black and red, and confronted by the big-wigged, Chief-Justice-like portrait of the author, reads thus:—

"AMPHION ANGELICUS. A Work of many Compositions, for one, two, three and four Voices; with several Accompaniments of Instrumental Musick; and a Thorow-Bass to each Song: figur'd for an Organ, Harpsichord, or Theorboe-Lute. By Dr. JOHN BLOW."

One knows not which most to admire in the seraphic Doctor: his large sense of the dignity of his art, or the well-rounded, Ciceronian vernacular in which he has couched his meaning. Decidedly his paragraphs are worthy of a place among elegant extracts. The modesty, too, of the concluding sentences stands in rich contrast with the aforesaid big-wigged portrait, and with the series of poetical rhapsodies addressed to the author, which he has printed after the dedication; one of which is headed: "To the Most Incomparable Master of Musick, Dr. JOHN BLOW; Occasioned by his obliging the World with his Inimitable Amphion Anglicus."

Altogether the book is a curiosity. Many a *prima donna* of the present day would shrink from the vocal roudades and passages with which these old songs bristle; and that *tenore* would have to have more virtuosity than most of our "negro melodists," who should undertake to sing, for instance, the song of "The Fair Lover and his Black Mistress," commencing: *Oh! Nigrocella! &c.*

To Her Royal Highness, the Princess Ann of Denmark:

MADAME: The excellent Art of Musick was thought by many of the Wisest Ancients, to have derived its Original immediately from Heaven; as one of the First, most beneficial Gifts of the Divine Goodness to Mankind: thereby to draw and allure, the old, rude, and untaught World, into Civil Societies; and so to soften and prepare their Minds for the easier reception of all other Accomplishments of Wisdom and Vertue.

The most Learned of the Ancient Heathens, the Greeks, were so much of this Opinion, that they carried their Veneration for this Admirable Faculty too far. They believed they could not do it right, but by assigning to it, for its Protection and Improvement, some peculiar tutelary Gods of its own. Nay, when to all the other Ornaments and Perfections of human Life, they seldom appointed more than one single Deity to preside over each of them, to Musick alone they allotted a greater number of Guardian Divinities than to any of the rest; some of the Male, but most of the Female and Fairer Sex.

They were indeed mistaken, when they bestowed on it these Fabulous Honours; and they made but ill Gods and Goddesses of those Men and Women, who would have done excellently well if they had only passed for patrons of it, or inventors in it, as they really were.

But in all times of the truer Antiquity, even amongst God's own peculiar People, we find this most instructive and delightful Skill did always meet with its due and deserved Honours, short of Idolatry, and within the bounds of Sobriety and Decency.

Thus we read in the Holy Scriptures, not long after the History of the Creation, the Name of the Man is Solemnly recorded with Renown, among the Founders of Nations, who was the first Inventor of the Harp and the Organ.

And undoubtedly, there was never any Age

of the true Church afterwards, whether Jewish or Christian, wherein the Sacred delights of Musick were not admitted, to bear an eminent Part in the Worship of the True God.

In the Jewish Church, it is certain, that even before the Temple itself was built, while it was yet only in Design, God Inspir'd David, the Man after his own Heart, to Compose before-hand, the Hymns and Divine Anthems that were to be Sung in it.

And the choice of the Person for that Work, was infinitely for the dignity of the Art: Since no less a Man, than the chief of their Monarchs and the greatest of their Conquerors, was ordained by God, to be their Poet and Musician on that occasion.

And it were easy to prove, that the same Celestial Spirit of Musical Concord and Harmony, was all along cherished and entertained in the Christian Church, during the very best Times of its purest Doctrines and Devotions.

It will be enough, only to mention one undeniable Instance, That, in the Primitive Age, during the cruellest Persecutions, in their most Private and Nightly Assemblies, the Christians of that early time, as Pliny informed Trajan, remarkably distinguished themselves, by their alternate Singing of Psalms, and Spiritual Songs.

Such, Madame, have been always the Employments of the Sublime Art of Musick, to teach and cultivate Humanity; to Civilize Nations; to Adorn Courts; to Inspirit Armies; to Inspire Temples and Churches; to sweeten and reform the fierce and barbarous Passions; to excite the Brave and Magnanimous; and, above all, to inflame the Pious and Devout.

For these Reasons, it has all along received the Encouragement and Favor of the Greatest, the Wisest, the most Religious, the most Heroick Persons of all Ages. And it seems but reasonable, that it should be so, that they should principally take upon them the care of this Highborn Science of Tuneful Sounds and Numbers, whose Souls are more elevated than others, and seem most to partake of that Natural, and Divine Harmony, it professes to Teach.

You see, Madame, what undoubted Title Your Royal Highness has to the Patronage of this Art. It is Your own by many rightful claims, not only for your High Birth and Royal Dignity, but for something, that is even yet more Your own; for that admirable temper of Spirit, that harmonious sweetness of Disposition, that silent Melody, and charming Musick of Your whole Life.

After I have said this, it cannot be denied, but that, by inscribing these Papers to Your Royal Highness, I have chosen the worthiest and most excellent Patroness for these my Studies, that this Nation, or Age has produced. Yet I must still confess, while I applaud my self for the happiness of my Choice, the ambition of it puts me into Confusion; I am ashamed to think, that to such a Patroness I can present so very little, either worthy of the Art I admire, or of the Glorious Princess to whom I dedicate all my Muses.

But for that part, which concerns Your self, Madame, Your own Goodness and Benignity has set my Mind at ease, by Your generous Invitation and favourable Promise, of accepting the low Present I now offer, and Your Gracious Assurance of a perpetual Protection to its Author.

And that also, if anything can, may possibly enable me to supply the other Part better for the future, and lift up my Genius to something more becoming the Majesty of Art it self.

The two most Noble ends of Musick Vocal and Instrumental, being either to raise and nourish the tender, and the Generous Passions of Love, Friendship, and Honour, among Men; or to animate our Affections, and to kindle the ardour and zeal of our Devotions towards God: I must own, that what I now lay at your Royal Highness's Feet, consists only in some weak Performances of the first kind.

I will make no apology for the Subjects of any of them, tho' they are generally conversant

about Love-Affairs; since the divertisements and delights of those softer Affections, when conceiv'd in pure thoughts, and clothed with innocent Expressions, have been always allowed in all Wise and Good-natur'd Polite Nations; and never any where Condemn'd by the truly Good and Honourable part of Mankind.

I dare affirm, that nothing but the unsociable sullenness of a Cynick, would ever exclude secular Musick, so qualified, out of Civil Societies; as nothing but the perverse sowness of a Fanatick, would ever drive Divine Musick out of the Church.

But yet, lest a Work of this Nature, though perhaps not blameable in it self, either for the Matter, or the manner of it, should however seem to fall below what is due to Your Royal Highness's Greatness of Mind, and consummate Vertue: Give me leave, Madame, to tell You, I am preparing, as fast as I can, to make some amends for this, by a Second Musical Present, upon Arguments incomparably better: I mean my Church-Services and Divine Compositions.

To those, in truth, I have ever more especially consecrated the Thoughts of my whole Life. All the rest I consider but as the Blossoms, or rather the Leaves; those I only esteem as the Fruits of all my Labours in this kind. With them I began my first youthful Raptures in this Art: With them, I hope calmly and comfortably to finish my days. Nor will my Mind be ever at rest, till I have offer'd them up to God, for the Publick use of the best Church in the Christian World, under the Propitious Authority of Your Royal Highness's Name.

May it please Your Royal Highness,
I am Your Most Humble, most Dutiful,
and most Devoted Servant,

JOHN BLOW.

Von Buelow.

The great pianist is here, having arrived last Sunday in the Parthia. All the papers have assured us that he is safely bestowed in quiet, comfortable quarters up in Beacon Street, where he prefers to remain undisturbed during the week of preparation for his first concert in America, with which he is to honor Boston, devoting, it is said, some eight or nine hours per day to practice of his instrument. He may or he may not need it, but "eternal vigilance" is the price of all consummate mastery; and it may be that the thought of playing such a repertoire as his in our vast Music Hall suggests to him the need of some modification of the *scale* in his dynamics. On Monday evening we shall have the felicity of hearing his masterly interpretation of the greatest of Concertos, Beethoven's in E flat, called by Englishmen the "Emperor,"—and that will be a Concert in itself. The remainder of the programme, and of two to follow is given in the advertisements; only we have seen it stated that besides his own numbers, the orchestra, made up of Boston musicians, and conducted by CARL BERGMANN (who ought to have staid with us when the old "Germania" broke up, instead of going to New York) will play the *Leonore* Overture, No. 3, and one or two smaller pieces. Of course the desire to hear these concerts will be very great, and they will doubtless form in one sense the marked event—at any rate sensation—of the season.

We are assured that Dr. von Buelow positively will *not* conduct an orchestra during his visit to this country; he comes here as pianist, and in justice to that function will avoid the strain of another equally exacting. But we are sure all lovers of the best piano music are united in the hope that, besides great concerts in the Music Hall, he will not leave us without giving one or more Chamber Concerts for compositions without orchestra, in a smaller hall where such fine tone-poems can be best appreciated.

As yet, however, we have not heard of any such intention on his own part or that of the management.

Ferdinand Hiller, who writes so many good things about the Art of which he is himself a master, has furnished, in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, an almost photographic portrait of Von Bülow's personal appearance, which certainly agrees well with our own recollection of him as we saw him nearly fifteen years ago. This writer says of him: "He is a small man, with a thoroughly Prussian look, and, as all fine orchestra leaders, has a military martinet air. His head is that of a soldier more than that of an artist,—small, compact, hard looking as a hickory nut. His eyes are large—a *fleur de tête*, as the French say. He wears a heavy brown moustache, a little Vandyke beard, which hides the shape of his mouth; his forehead recedes, the crown of his head is a little bald; the ears incline back, adding to the rather sharp, belligerent expression of his keen little head and face. When he takes his place before the orchestra, you expect to see him draw his sword, and every musician is ready to charge to the death.

Hiller also says of him:

"Bülow is one of the Generals who divided among themselves the inheritance of Liszt—Alexander the Great. For several hours he has kept our audience in a state of such breathless astonishment that the feeling at length became almost painful. His playful subjugation of all technical difficulties; his really military strength and power of endurance; his nearly infallible certainty; and his memory, in which all the pieces that he played, and who knows how many more that he did not play, appear to be stored as safely as a collection of classics in an oak book case, caused the audience to forget entirely that they had come to a Beethoven entertainment."

Chamber Music.

A NEW PIANIST. The Matinée of piano music given, in the name of the Boston Conservatory, on Tuesday last, by Mr. JOHN ORTH, held a large audience well interested to the end, in spite of the heat of Wesleyan Hall. Mr. Orth is a young American, born in Taunton of this State, we believe, of German parentage. He has been studying music very earnestly for several years in Germany, and has been under the influence of Liszt and several of the most eminent teachers at the various schools there. He is an intellectual and manly looking youth, and shows great self-possession, quiet reserved force, and evidence of thorough and determined study, as well as more than ordinary talent,—perhaps something higher.

His programme on this occasion drew largely from Liszt and others of the modern school, including some of the most arduous tasks of execution. Every piece was played from memory,—some of them with the vitality of a present genuine feeling and conception. He began with Tausig's transcription of Bach's great D-minor Toccata and Fugue for the Organ. The arrangement in itself is very grand and broad and organ-like, and it was played with perfect evenness, firmness and distinctness, making a fine impression. A Prelude in E minor by Raff and quite an original and quaint Gavotte by Silas (whoever he may be) were discreetly, beautifully rendered. There was great delicacy of expression in his recital of Liszt's "Consolation," and much grace and freedom in his *Soirée de Vienne* after Schubert. The Norwegian Wedding March, by Södermann, had a captivating quaintness and freshness, and of this too he seemed to have caught the spirit truly. One of the larger Novellettes of Schumann was well conceived and rendered. Liszt's "Gnomes" and extremely difficult and brilliant Polonaise in E we could not stop to hear.

Mr. Orth certainly made the impression of a gifted, earnest, thoroughly-trained pianist, equal to high tasks. His execution is remarkable, and his conception, taste and spirit, so far as these examples

could show, rarely at a fault. He must prove, we should think, a welcome and a valuable addition to our already rich company of piano-playing artists.

Mr. PERABO has made arrangements for three piano recitals, to be given on the following dates: November 5 and 19 and December 3. At the last named he will be assisted by Mr. Ferdinand von Inten, a fellow-student in Leipzig, at present a teacher in New York. Mr. Perabo will return to Boston about the 21st inst.

THE Boston Philharmonic Club (Messrs. B. LISTMANN & Co.), announce the programme of their first of six Chamber Concerts in Bumstead Hall for Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 10. It includes the C-minor Quintet of Beethoven; Schumann's Quartet with Piano (Mme. SCHILLER) who will also give the Suite by Raff in E minor; Theme and Variations from Schubert's Quartet in D minor; Carnival (Scenes Mignonnes) by Schumann, arranged for the Club; Solo for Cello, Mr. HARTDEGEN, and for flute, Mr. WEINER.

Harvard Symphony Concerts.

The public sale of season tickets for the ten concerts of the Eleventh Season will begin at the Music Hall on Monday, 18th inst. The members of the Association, who guarantee the concerts, have reserved a more limited number of seats for themselves than usual, so that there will be a plenty of choice seats for sale. Each season ticket will admit also to the last rehearsal of each concert; the other rehearsals (increased in numbers for the more thorough practice of the orchestra) will be strictly private, and no admissions to any rehearsals will be sold. Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct as usual, and "THE CECILIA," under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, will sing in several of the concerts both with and without orchestra.

The dates, with a single change, are as we have heretofore stated, namely: Nov. 4, 18; Dec. 2, 27 (Monday); Jan. 6, 20; Feb. 3, 17; March 2, 16;—all on Thursdays, and at fortnight intervals, with one exception.

Of the programmes we are able to give substantially the first four, as follows:

FIRST CONCERT, Nov. 4.—Overture to "The Water-Carrier," *Cherubini*; Piano Concerto, No. 4, in F minor (second time in Boston) played by E. PERABO.—The "Scotch" Symphony, *Mendelssohn*; Overture: "Ruler of the Spirits," *Weber*.

SECOND CONCERT, Nov. 18.—Overture to "Fierabras," *Schubert*; Piano Concerto (first time), in B minor, op. 89, *Hummel*, played by Mme. MADELINE SCHILLER; Entr'acte and Invocation from "Manfred," *Schumann*—Symphony: "Eroica," *Beethoven*; Overture and * * ballet music from "Preciosa," *Weber*.

THIRD CONCERT, Dec. 2.—Overture to "The Men of Prometheus," *Beethoven*; * * Finale of *Schumann's* Scenes from Goethe's *Faust*, by "THE CECILIA"; Symphony in D, No. 2, *Haydn*; Part Songs, by the Cecilia.—Three Short Marches (second time) from *Mozart's* "Figaro" and "Magic Flute," and *Beethoven's* "Fidelio"; "Loreley" (Soprano solo, chorus and orchestra), *Mendelssohn*, (second time); Overture: "The Hebrides," *Mendelssohn*.

FOURTH CONCERT, Dec. 27.—Overture: "In the Highlands," *Gade*; * * Symphony, instrumented from *Schubert's* op. 140, by Joseph Joachim.—Piano Concerto in E flat, No. 3, played by HUGO LEONHARD; * Overture to "La Dame Blanche," *Boieldieu* (born Dec. 1775).

Among other things for piano in concerto form during the season will be two novelties: A concerto by the distinguished French composer and organist at the Madeleine, Camille Saint-Saëns (by Mr. Lang); and probably Schumann's Concert-Allegro, op. 134,—the only work of his for piano with orchestra which has not been given in these concerts. There will probably be one more Beethoven Concerto, that in C minor, to be played by Mr. Parker.—More in due time.

CARL ZERRAHN AT WORCESTER. The Worcester Spy, in its report of the Musical Festival held there this week, has this to say of Mr. Zerrahn. We trust it will meet the eye of the musical committee of the Centennial at Philadelphia.

"Mr. Zerrahn loses none of his popularity as a conductor each succeeding year among the members who make up our chorus, and the warmth with which he is greeted, the respect and confidence which he commands, is something remarkable. At

the same it is not to be wondered at, for there is no question but what he excels all others in this country as conductor of oratorio music. A careful observer who attends the rehearsals each day, cannot fail to notice how perfectly Mr. Zerrahn has committed the music he is conducting to memory. His assistance to the singers is always valuable; they have learned to depend upon him in every emergency, and we can recall many instances in which, during the performance of some oratorio on the night of the concert, he has fairly saved a chorus from what might have been a complete failure on their part, or some artist who but for Mr. Zerrahn's assistance might have gone far astray, with no power of regaining what they had lost. For these reasons he will continue to occupy his present high position, and grow in favor with our musical societies the more they sing under his direction. We write these words, not that they are needed, nor in any flattering spirit, but simply to express our individual sentiments, feeling that they will find a response in the minds of those who have so long known and studied with him, as well as those who have witnessed the admirable style with which he performs his work."

SINGING LESSONS. It will be good news to many that that accomplished artist and highly cultivated woman, Miss CLARA DORIA, will remain in Boston this winter and devote herself almost exclusively to pupils who desire "Cultivation of the Voice," and instruction in "English, German and Italian Music." She has taken rooms at No. 16 Ashburton Place. She is one of the truly musical, experienced, intelligent, inspiring sort of teachers, as all who have been within her sphere of influence will testify. It is very, very seldom that a singer is at the same time a musician in the full sense that she is.—Mme. RUDERSDORFF is another instance, of still more experience, and in larger fields. The traditions of the best days of Oratorio and Opera are hers. During the past year her throngs of pupils, both in town and at her summer residence (in Wrentham), have kept her almost out of public sight. She has just returned to her last winter's quarters at the Hotel Boylston.

—It also gives us particular pleasure to say that Mrs. IRVING I. HARWOOD has so far recovered health and hearing that she is able to resume her lessons. She always had a winning and successful way with pupils as with audiences, and has withal rare musical taste and judgment.

Music in London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. A magnificent programme is put forth for the 26 Saturday Afternoon Concerts of the 20th series, beginning Oct. 2, under the direction of Mr. August Manns. It includes the following list of works to be performed and artists:

PALESTRINA—Motet for Chorus.

BACH—A Sacred Cantata. "God's time is the best," for solo voices, chorus, and full orchestra; Suite, for orchestra and solo flute, in B minor—both for the first time.

HANDEL—The Chandos Te Deum, in B flat—for the first time.

HAYDN—Symphonies; in D, No. 8 of Salomon set; in E flat, No. 4 of new series (Rieter-Biedermann)—both first time.

MOZART—The Requiem—first time; the Symphony in D (Hafner); Concertante, for violin and viola, in E flat—for the first time.

BEETHOVEN—The nine Symphonies in chronological order. The Mount of Olives. Various Overtures. The Piano-forte Concertos in G major and E flat. Selection from the Octet for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns [Op. 103]. Selection from Serenade, for flute, violin, and viola [Op. 25]—both first time.

SCHUBERT—Grand Duo in G [Op. 140], orchestrated by Joachim; Allegro, for strings, in C minor [1820]—both first time; Symphony in B flat [No. 4].

MENDELSSOHN—Symphony (No. 1) in C minor; the Hymn of Praise; the Walsburg Night; the 95th Psalm, with final chorus [MS.]—for the first time: "To the Sons of Art," for men's voices and brass instruments; Capriccio in E minor, for strings—both first time; Overtures, &c.

SCHUMANN—Symphony in E flat [No. 3]; Overture, scherzo and finale; Overture (Rheinegold), with chorus—first time; Introduction and Allegro, for piano and orchestra, in D [Op. 134]—first time; Selection from *Spanisches Leierspiel* [Op. 74], for a vocal quartet—first time.

WEBER—Rondo all' Ongarese, for bassoon; Overture to *Peter Schmitt*—both first time; favorite Overtures; and Scenes for soprano and orchestra.

SPOHN—Symphony (No. 4), "The Power of Sound;" and the 2nd Concerto, for clarinet.

HILLER—Concerto, for piano and orchestra, in F sharp minor.

BRAMMES—"Rinaldo," Cantata, for solo tenor, chorus of men's voices, and orchestra [Op. 50]—first time; Schicksalslied, for chorus and orchestra; the G and Serenade [Op. 11].

RAFF—Symphony [No. 4] in G minor; "Mazurka, Polonaise, and Russian," from Op. 174, for orchestra, by the composer—all first time.

ROBERT VOLKMANN—Overture to *Shakspere's Richard III.*—first time.

WAGNER—Overtures to *Tannhäuser* and *Der fliegende Holländer* and extracts from *Tristan und Isolde* and other operas.

LISZT—Der Tanz in der Dorfschenke (Mephisto Waltz), from "Zwei Episoden aus Lenau's Faust," for orchestra—first time.

A. RUBINSTEIN—Concerto for piano and orchestra (No. 3); Sonata, for soprano and orchestra—both for the first time.

Sir W. STERNDALE BENNETT—Overture, "Parisina;" Capriccio in E for piano-forte and orchestra.

Sir JULIUS BENEDET—Andante and Finale from 2nd Symphony, in C—first time.

Professor MACFARREN—Oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*—first time.

HENRY H. PIERSON—*Macbeth*, a Symphonic Poem for orchestra—first time.

SULLIVAN—Symphony in E.

JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT—Concerto for piano and orchestra—first time.

HENRY HOLMES—Concerto for violin and orchestra—first time.

E. PROUT—Magnificat for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra—first time.

W. G. CUNNINGHAM—Overture to *Love's Labor Lost*—first time.

And new works by Alfred Holmes, H. Gadsby, and other English Composers.

New works by Gounod, Verdi, Ambrose Thomas, and other eminent composers of the day, as well as the favorite Overtures of Rossini, Cherubini, Auber, and others, will also be brought forward from time to time.

Engagements have already been made with—Mme. Lemmens, Mme. Sinico, Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Blanche Cole, Miss Rose Hersee, Signora Ostava Torriani, Mlle. Cristino, Miss Sophie Löwe, Mme. Osgood, Mme. Patey, Mme. Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lloyd, Signor Foll, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Whitney; Mme. Neruda, Mme. Esipoff, Miss Marie Krebs, Miss Zimmermann, Miss Anna Mehlig, Herr Joachim, Herr Wilhelm, Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. Carrodus, Signor Platti, Mr. Charles Hallé, M. Mortier de Fontaine, Herr Pauser, M. Dannreuther, Mr. Oscar Berringer, and Mr. Franklin Taylor.

The Solos for Wind Instruments will be performed by the principals of the Crystal Palace Band. Flute—Mr. Alfred Wells. Oboe—Mons. Dubucq. Clarinet—Mr. Clinton. Bassoon—Mr. Wotton. Horn—Mr. Wendlandt.

Other eminent artists will be engaged as opportunity occurs; and offers have been made to MM. Brahms and Rubinstein for performing and conducting some of their own works.

The Musical Prospect in Philadelphia.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer, Oct. 6.]

Among the duties almost peculiar to a journalist is that of constantly treating old subjects as if they were new ones. Nor is this less a privilege than a duty; for, as the circle of his readers daily includes many to whom his subjects are fresh and unfamiliar, the writer may pass through some portion, at least, of his own first impressions in going over old ground again.

The musical annalist is permitted to enjoy this pleasure more frequently than many others. Possibly the privilege is intended to console him for many a private pang. In listening to some shabby performance of *Don Giovanni*, his eye may rest upon a young devotee in the pit, to whom *Battù! Battù!* is appealing for the first time. The youthful listener hears only Mozart. The shortcomings of mademoiselle are all unknown; and the reviewer, as he watches, is half inclined to overlook them himself, in sympathy with the delighted novice.

As the intellectual study of music becomes more and more universal, the annual pleasure of laying before the reader some prospect of forthcoming musical events is increased. It is gratifying to know that each year, the approaching festivals are more eagerly anticipated, and more thoroughly enjoyed. The season now opening, if less brilliant with the promise of ephemeral names, offers, at least, a large store of the solid and unchangeable attractions.

Beginning with the musical preparations which are being made at home, the choral organizations deserve the first attention. The "Handel and Haydn," which is by many years the oldest of our choruses, is starting upon its winter's studies under fresh management and with a new leader. Mr. Francis T. S. Darley, a gentleman closely identified with our musical affairs for many years, and always popular therein, will assume the baton laid down by Mr. Carl Sentz. Under his direction the Handel and Haydn Society will give three concerts, for which the following works are now in active rehearsal:—

Frates, Ego Enim Acepi.....	Paestrina
We Praise Thee O God.....	Gounod
Blessed be the Lord.....	Sainer
Glory be to God on High.....	Tours
The Fool Hath Said in His Heart.....	Bennett
Miserere.....	Allegri
O Praise the Lord.....	Rightini
Lead, Kindly Light.....	Calkin
Ora Pro Nobis.....	Novello
O Come Near to the Cross.....	Gounod
Cantata, Malchus.....	F. T. S. Darley

The rehearsals of the society take place on Tuesday evenings at their rooms, No. 1618 Arch street.

"The Beethoven Society," which had so much success last year under Mr. Cross, is at present without a leader. It is understood that the celebrated Otto Singer, now of Cincinnati, and who organized under Theodore Thomas the grand choruses for both of his recent festivals in that city, has been invited to assume the vacant leadership of the Beethoven. Mr. Singer is now one of the most prominent chorus masters in America, and his residence in this city would be a substantial advantage that can hardly be overestimated. If he accepts the proffered position the Beethoven Society will resume its rehearsals on the 13th instant.

Two new choruses have been organized since last winter, of which the "Cecilian" seems to contain the most vitality. It held its first rehearsal on September 25 with an active membership of one hundred and thirty. This has since been increased to nearly two hundred. The

Cecilian has for a leader Mr. Michael H. Cross, under whose guidance any chorus is certain of success. He has begun with the study of the *Messiah*, which it is intended to bring out in conjunction with the Theodore Thomas Orchestra about Christmas time. The rehearsals take place on Saturday evenings at the hall northeast corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets.

"The Philadelphia Oratorio Society" was also started in September under the direction of Mr. William Wolsieffer. Its first season will be made both attractive and important to all lovers of music by the production of two compositions which are great in themselves and new in this community. Robert Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and Macfarren's cantata of "St. John the Baptist," are now in rehearsal. * * * Mr. G. A. Macfarren, president of the time-honored Philharmonic Society of London (the same which sent Beethoven a generous donation on his death-bed), is an able musical writer, and a sterling composer. Any work of his is sure to be interesting. The "St. John" is the first one of any magnitude which has been studied here, and as it has never been heard in America, the new society will deserve much credit for bringing it out.

THE MALE CHORUSES.

"The Orpheus Club," founded and conducted by Mr. Cross, now comprises thirty members. These gentlemen are talented musicians, and their connection with the Beethoven Society last winter at its successful concerts was greatly to their credit. The club will give, during this, its third season, the usual three concerts at Musical Fund Hall on the evenings of November 26th, February 18th and May 5th. At the first of these concerts Miss Henrietta Beeby, the well-known soprano of the New York Glee and Madrigal Club, will sing.

"The Abt Society," oldest and best of the male choruses, has resumed its studies under the accomplished leader, Mr. Hugh A. Clarke. Some twenty new compositions, selected with great care during the vacation, are to be put in rehearsal, and the three regular concerts will be given, this time at the Musical Fund Hall. The famous "Prisoners' Chorus" from *Fidelio*, and Goldmark's beautiful version of the "Three Fishers" are among the compositions selected for early production. The "Vocal Union," led as heretofore by Mr. Wolsieffer, and the German Singing Societies, "Maennerchor," "Jünger Maennerchor," "Sängerbund," and others are at work, but their intentions have not yet been made public.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

In this department Mr. Charles H. Jarvis, our really great master of the piano-forte, is first on the list. He will give the usual allotment of six classical concerts during the season, beginning in November. At each concert a favorite vocalist will appear, while in the department of piano music Mr. Jarvis promises an unusual number of fine compositions. The following are some of the works selected for the concerts:—

Concerto, A flat.....	Hummel
Concerto, A flat.....	Kalkbrenner
Etudes, symphoniques.....	Schumann
Carnival.....	Schumann
Fantasia on Russian airs.....	Thalberg
Fantasia on Don Giovanni.....	Liszt
Sonata, D minor (piano and violin).....	Schumann
Quintet, C minor.....	Spohr

Mr. Jarvis will have the valuable assistance of Mr. Carl Gaertner, violinist, and other eminent players, who will aid in the concerted music, besides furnishing a quintet accompaniment to the chief piano works.

Mr. Carl Gaertner will give a list of his well-known classical concerts on evenings which will be hereafter announced. The feature of these will be the more important septets, octets, quintets and quartets of the great masters.

Besides the above the customary series of chamber concerts are being prepared by our talented young artists, Messrs. Gühmlich, Zeckwer, and Gastel. The programmes and other particulars of these are still incomplete; but, judging by the past, they are sure to contain much excellent music.

For Orchestra music, it seems likely that we shall have to depend chiefly on Theodore Thomas's Orchestra. This combination has issued the annual prospectus for a series of symphony concerts, and the sale of choice seats began October 4. The dates of these concerts will be October 29, November 12, December 16, and January 13. They will take place at the Academy of Music as heretofore, and they will be given on the same scale of marvellous excellence which makes the Thomas Concerts indispensable to a musical season. There is some prospect of a revival of the Wolsieffer Concerts on Saturday afternoons. It is greatly desirable that some such an undertaking as this should prove successful. The large number of orchestral players in this city ought to combine in a permanent organization. Such a combination, properly conducted, would meet with a sure and speedy success.

Of opera music this winter we are likely to have but little. The Kellogg Troupe, well known to all musical readers, will give two weeks of opera here, beginning on November 22, and will add another installment of performances in the spring. The famous and undeniably great tenor, Theodore Wachtel, has again arrived on our shores, and will give a series of performances at the Academy of Music in January. A fair company is said to have been engaged to support him, and the prospect of legitimate German opera is, therefore, very gratifying.

Of Italian opera there is no immediate prospect. One of its greatest living exemplars, Mlle. Teresa Tietjens, is announced for the present in concerts only. She will give three concerts at the Academy, on the evenings of October 22 and 27, and at a matinee on the 23d. This lady is destined to secure a triumphant recognition here. Her stores of culture and her great natural advantages, added to the prestige of twenty years' successes in the Old World, will insure her a welcome which ought to be more sincere and enduring than that which pours itself out so profusely before this or that sky-rocket artist of yesterday or today.

Another important name must be included in the list of concert performers. The celebrated Hans Von Bülow, pupil and near relative of Liszt, a man famous the world over for his achievements as composer, director and performer on the piano-forte, will give five concerts here on December 17, 18, 21, 22 and 23. So great an artist coming quickly on the successful path of Rubinstein will attract unbounded attention from the musical world.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rose of the Alps. 4. D to f. Linley. 30

"Echo repeating the mountains along,
Every wild note of my Alpine song."

A wild and sweet Alpine or Swiss melody, which any echo of good taste would rejoice to respond to.

Silver and Gold. 3. C to f. Kate Fowler. 30

"Speech may be silver even, love,
If silence like this be gold."

Miss Fowler has turned a true golden thought into music, and all "true lovers" will delight to sing it.

Oh blushing Flowers of Krumley. 3. G min. to f. Eichberg. 40

"The flowers that love her, crowd to bloom
Along her trodden ways."

Sweet words by Alice Cary, adorned with music of Eichberg's exquisite workmanship.

Entre Nous. 4. G to g. Kate Fowler. 30

"I catch but the near light—the far light
Of eyes that are burning for me."

"Entre Nous," that is "between you and I," this is a very nice ballad.

To Spring. (Au Printemps). Gounod. 40

For Mezzo-Sop. or Contralto. 4. C to g.

"Sparre già l'aer gelido."
"Now the sweet voice of spring."
"Le Printemps chasse les Hivers."

Splendid in either of the three languages.

Evening. (La Sera) (La Soir) Romance. Gounod. 40

4. Eb to g.

"In deep silence the world is sleeping."
"Quando scende la tacita sera."
"La soir ramène le silence."

Embodies the true artistic beauty of evening.

Medje. Arabian Song. 4. F minor to f. Gounod. 40

"O, Medje thou hast enchained me."

"O, Medje che d'un sorriso."
"O, Medje qui d'un sourire."

A true, dim, pensive song of the desert.

Instrumental.

Colored Leaves. 6 easy pieces. Lange, ea. 35

No. 3. Spring Blossoms. (Neue Blüthen). 3. F.

"5. Perfume of Lindens. (Linde Lufte). 2. F.

"6. The Gift. (Angebinde). 3. Eb.

Give them to your pupils at once. Graceful, correct, and in fine taste.

The Life of Youth. (Jugendleben). 12 easy pieces. Lichner, ea. 30

No. 6. Silent Wishes. 2. G.

"8. Presentiment. 2. F.

"10. Joy and Good Fortune. 2. D.

Among the best of very easy pieces.

Home Treasures. Smallwood, ea. 40

No. 5. What are the Wild Waves. 2. F.

"9. Pulaski's Banner. 2. G.

"10. God bless the Prince of Wales. 2. G.

"11. Liquid Gem. 2. G.

"12. Thy Voice is near. 2. G.

Admirable easy transcriptions for beginners.

Lohengrin. (No. 67 of Beyer's "Repertoire"). 35

A resume of a few sweet songs, commencing with the "Swan Song." A variety of keys.

Hark! the Goat-Bells. 2. G. Smallwood. 40

No. 19 of "Home Treasures." An easy transcription of a pretty song.

Danube River Mazurka. 3. Eb. Grobe. 50

The well known favorite air skilfully worked up into a mazurka.

Il Corricolo. Galop Brilliant. 4 hands. Wells. 85

4. F.

It is not often that anything but a favorite piece is changed to a duet. Il Corricolo is already well known, and in this form is easier than in the other; quite easy, in fact, if played slowly.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter; as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

